Roſſe No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitty him,
Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince and many mo,
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate gainſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute,
Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe The commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,
For ancient quarrels and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deuiſde,
As blanckes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
North. Wars hath not waſted it, for warrde he hath not,
But baſely yeelded vpon compromiſe,
That which his noble auncеſtors atchiued with blowes,
More hath he ſpent in peace then they in wars.
Roſſe The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in farme.
Will. The King growen banckrout like a broken man,
North. Reproch and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſſe He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſht Duke.
North. His noble kinſman moſt degenerate King,
But Lords we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſe We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoided is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
North. Not ſo, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I ſpie life peering but I dare not ſay,

How neere the tidings
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare
Roſſe Be confident to
We three are but thy ſel
Thy words are but as th
North. Then thus, I h
A Bay in Brittaine recei
That Harry duke of He
That late broke from the
His brother, archbiſhop
Sir Thomas Erpingham
Sir Iohn Norbery, ſir Ro
All theſe well furniſhed
With eight tall ſhippes,
Are making hither with
And ſhortly meane to t
Perhaps they had ere th
The firſt departing of th
If then we ſhall ſhake of
Impe out our drowping
Redeeme from Broking
Wipe off the duſt that h
And make high Maieſt
Away with me in poſt t
But if you faint, as fearin
Stay, and be ſecret, and
Roſſe To horſe, to ho
Willo. Holde out my

Enter the

Buſh. Madam, your
You promiſt, when you
To lay aſide life-harmin
And entertaine a cheere
Queene To pleaſe th
I cannot do it, yet I kno
Why I ſhould welcome

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